

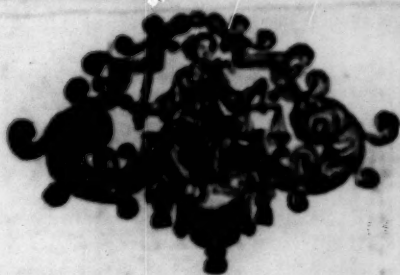
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loguettis
THE
COQUETS.

OR,

A CONVERT and a HALF.

Occasioned by the late

EARTHQUAKES.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. PAYNE and J. BOUQUET, at the *White-Hart* in
Pater-noster Row. MDCCL.

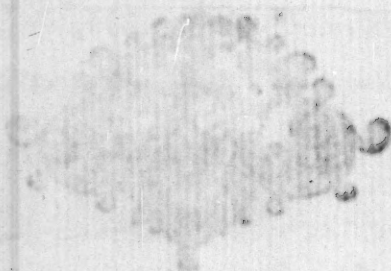
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A CONVERT AND A HALL

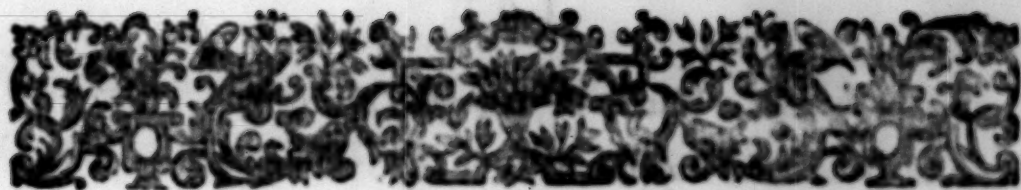
Original by the author

EARTHQUAKES



LONDON

Printed for J. Parker and J. Bouverie at the
Patent Office, Strand, W.C.



M Y R T I L L A,

The HALF-CONVERT.

TWO SISTERS, young and gay, yet *chaste*,
But Girls of *Wealth*, and *thence*, of *Taste*,
Thro' all *St. James's* dear to Fame,
Had each *one* Blemish, each the same
Ambition o'er the *Men* to reign,
And make *all* sigh, but sigh in *vain*.
Hence, crush'd each Effort of the Soul,
That dar'd this *first great* View controul :

B

Hence

*Hence the clos'd Hand, th' impassion'd Breast,
And Whims for Fashions ne'er at Rest.*

*Ne'er was the ruling Foible known
To dwell in Woman's Heart alone ;
It gathers more, and all obey
This Tyrant's arbitrary Sway.*

*Myrtille's dress ; but rates her Maid,
That Patch too large ! and quite mislaid !
She'd have it a mere Point, so small !
Exactly Ma-the-ma-ti-cal !
And it shou'd stand (she boldly swore it !)
Just as my Lady Pinkmode wore it !
From a Front-box she meant to shine
That Night, than Pinkmode more divine !
She'd lead the Vogue herself !---“ Ye Pow'rs !
“ What Shock ?---See ! Lucy !” Lucy scours !*

Asks

Asks thro' the House, if nothing *fell* ?

They felt the *same* !---What ?---None can tell !---

Myrtilla thro' the Pane surveys

Her Neighbours in as *vast* Amaze !

Impatient, up the Sash she flings,

And all abroad "An EARTHQUAKE" rings !

She *shrieks* ! *faints* !---Spight of *Hartborn's* Pow'r,

She *goes* and *comes* for Half an Hour !

Still, as recov'ring, *Fear* supplies

New Pangs ! thro' *Dread* of Death she *dies* !

Cards, *Plays*, *Dress*, *Triumphs* o'er Mankind,

All madden her reflecting Mind !

" For *these*, the *Shock*, at Heav'n's Command,

" Arriv'd ! and, doubtless, *more* at *Hand* !

" More *she* deserves ! she *knows* it well !

" Deserves to be dispatch'd to *Hell* !" .

Another

Another more than *shakes* the Town !
It takes, perhaps, *Britannia* down !
Takes *her* at least ! but she'll *repent* !
No Ill but *Virtue* may prevent !

In three Days Time she sunk her Store
Five hundred Pounds, to bless the *Poor* !
“ Better renounce that Sum than *die* !
“ And then be *damn'd eternally* !”

Sure, the *Profane* wou'd mourn it *One-day*
She touch'd no *Card* the foll'wing *Sunday* !
Had Resolution to abstain
For *Six* whole Nights from *Drury-Lane* !
Burnt ev'ry *Patch* ! nor form'd *one* Plan
To *gain*, or *fix* the Heart of *Man* !
And *thus* reform'd, *herself* she thought
Commenc'd the *very Thing* she *ought* !

From

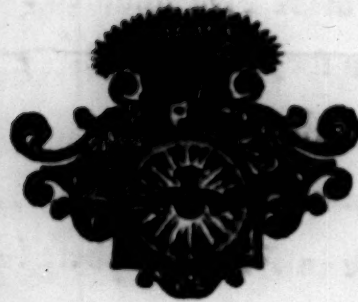
From *so much* Worth presum'd to stand,
 Tho' smit by Vengeance, *Half the Land !*

Sunday returns ! *Myrtilla's* Dread
 Subfides ! for *nine long* Days are fled !
 No Shock succeeds ! none will ! *That* Day,
 The *darling* Game's resum'd ! as gay,
 The *Box* receives her ev'ry Night !—
 She censures hard her late *Affright !*
 A thousand Times herself confounds,
 That she shou'd waste Five hundred Pounds,
Sum wanted now for *old* Intents !—
 All Vice repented she repents !
 Like rank *Apostate* turns severe
 On all that move in *Virtue's* Sphere !—
 Again, despotic in her Breast,
 The *sov'reign Foible* sways the rest !

D

As,

As, in a Dream, to *mental* View,
Fancy last Night's Misfortune drew,
The *Second* EARTHQUAKE rock'd her Bed !
She wak'd !---a *Frenzy* seiz'd her Head !
Frenzy, the Birth of *Horror* and *Despair* !---
CONVERT from FEAR---no *Phœnix* half so rare !



C O N-



CONSTANTIA,

The COMPLETE CONVERT.

BEFORE her Glafs, in Rapture high,
Constantia fat. " This *Cheek, Nose, Eye,*
" *Hair, Forehead, Dimple, Chin, Lip, Breast,*
" *All such as Helen ne'er possess'd,*
" Well may Nymphs *envy ! Lords admire !*
" Well may *I* set the *World* on Fire !"

In this *Soliloquy* the *Fair*
Felt the *first* Earthquake heave her *Chair !*

How

How struck! At once her Thoughts expand
 From *this* to many a *foreign* Land!
 Lands that, as *Books* and *Men* relate,
 Suffer'd, from Earthquakes, *aweful* Fate!
 She sees, thro' the pelucid Wave,
Port-Royal in a watry Grave!
 Sees *Herculaneum*, *Lima* sink,
 Engulph'd! Sees, trembling on the Brink
 Of Ruin, threat'ning all around
 Whole Realms, where Sulphur stores the *Ground*!
 Thence, mounted to the *God* of all,
 Whose Pow'r that *form'd*, now *shakes* the Ball!
 A *thousand* Isles in whose *right Hand*
 Weigh not an *Atom* on the *Strand*!

Love sways her Soul, and she adores
Goodness that gave the *British* Shores

From

From ev'ry Clime Distinction *high* !
 A *kinder* Glebe ! a *kinder* Sky !
Less feeling his *avenging* Rod,
 But *more* the *gentle* Voice of God !

" Our Dwellings *might* have crush'd us dead !
 " Seas *might* have roll'd above our Head !
 " And had I plung'd to *endless* Woe,
 " My Guilt had *justify'd* the Blow !
 " But *Mercy*, ever *prone* to *spare*,
 " Warns *all* to *Penitence* and *Prayer* !
 " To *catch*, and *use* fair *Reason's* Ray !
 " To triumph in the † BLAZE OF DAY !"

For *human* Race how pants her Breast !
 O! cou'd she court 'em to be blest !
 Court 'em the *Hand* of *Heav'n* to *beed* !
 And *give* its *Efforts* to *succeed* !

† The Gospel.

D

Efforts,

Efforts, *all* Vice from *all* to sever,
 And save *immortal* Man for ever !
 But shou'd a *World* its Bliss despise,
Her Soul is fix'd ! She will be wise !
 She feels the Force of heav'nly Grace ;
 That lends, and she'll improve her Space !

She wept !---She beg'd *Almighty Aid* !
 Vow'd Virtue ! and the Vow was paid !

She lessen'd ev'ry *Week's* Expence,
 To furnish her BENEFICENCE ;
 Concluding, Heav'n design'd the Poor
 To take off our *superfluous* Store.
 Now, stript of Gaiety's *Excess*,
Neat, and genteel, commenc'd her *Dress* ;
 Her *Charms* the same, tho' *Pride's* resign'd,
 Her Study now to deck the *Mind*.

Scorn-

Scornless she met fond *Damon's* Eye,
 And *blush'd*, not *smil'd*, to hear him sigh;
 Resolv'd, no more, *Dislike* to *feign*,
 To give a *lov'd Admirer* Pain.

She ne'er the *Name* of *God* profan'd;
Sunday the *fourth* from *Cards* abstain'd:
 She said!---*protested*!---all but *swore*,
That Day she'd touch a *Card* no more!
 And, spight of *Lady Picquet's* Sneer,
One Month she kept her *Conscience* clear.

“ And did she (with her *whimsy'd* Head)
 “ Refuse to live as *Nature* led?
 “ Her *innocent* Desires *eschew*?
 “ And bid the *Joy*s of *Life* adieu?”
 No!---*Life's* *diviner* *Joy*s she try'd!
 And follow'd *Nature* *rectify'd*!

Renounce

Renounce all Pleasure ! no such thing !
 She took the *Sweet*, but left the *Sting* !
 You say " *Constantia* smil'd before !"
 She *now* has *Cause*, and smiles the *more* !
 Say not, " The *Virtuous Fools* commence !"
 'Tis *Want* of *that* is *Want* of *Sense* !
 And, spight of what *dull Pedants* say,
Heav'n bids the *best* of *Saints* be *gay* !

Constantia felt the *second Shake* !
 From Sleep it rous'd her !---wide awake,
 Emerging from her *new* Surprise,
 Grateful she lifts her *Heart*, her *Eyes*,
 To that *still kind*, but *aweful Pow'r*,
 Who *Safety* brings in *Danger's Hour* !

Heav'n only, where all *Peace* we owe,
 Can tell her Soul's *ecstatic Glow*,

When

(17)

When the *past* Month, *Reflection* view'd,
Where *Virtue* rose from Vice *eschew'd* !

“ And feel I this *beneath* the *sky* ?

“ What must the *Good* enjoy on *high* ?”

From future Shocks she can't be scar'd,
For now *Constantia* stands *prepar'd* !

This Maxim shall the Fair-one's Conduct prove,
That *Virtue's safe* whose Principle is Love.

F I N I S.



(17)



When the first of these
When the second of these
And the third of these
When the fourth of these

From these three the first
For now the first of these

This Maxim shall the first of these
That Virtue's whole is the first of these

T O W I S

